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intellects and purpose free and vigorous for the contest; so, in fact, that each club should be in its normal state and in the best condition to display its best powers in competition. The exact excellence of each could then be ascertained, and no extenuating circumstances could be advanced for comparative failure to reach the standard of excellence.

The other days could be devoted to pic-nic and other amusements, closing with a grand combination of all the clubs in choral union, where individual defects would be effectually covered up.

We make this suggestion, because we are well aware from experience in the past, that it is impossible to combine unreserved social festivities with business, more especially that delicate business of singing, and for the further reason that by such an arrangement all the clubs would be fully represented, for pleasure would have no lagging votaries.

If our business permits we shall visit Philadelphia, but it will, perhaps, be hardly worth our while, as from what we have heard the gathering this year will be infinitely more social than emulative in its character.

TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

The concerts at Terrace Garden, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, are most truly enjoyable. On every evening they are excellent, but on Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings they present attractions which those who love fine music find hard to resist. The programmes on these evenings are interspersed with beautiful classical selections from the most celebrated authors, performed with infinite care, delicacy and precision, and afford an enjoyment which is well worth a long journey to obtain. The selections comprise works by Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Weber, Rossini, Bach and other great names, with lighter subjects to satisfy those who are not classically inclined.

So far this season, the attendance has greatly exceeded that of last season, proving conclusively that these concerts have increased in public favor, and that, weather permitting, this season will prove a brilliant success. The fifth Sunday evening concert takes place to-morrow night.

Mr. J. W. Currier, who is so well known to all who ever have occasion to visit the ware-rooms of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, at 596 Broadway, was very agreeably surprised a few days since, by a gift of a handsome silver tea-service from the employees of that establishment. The immediate occasion of the friendly demonstration was the approach of Mr. Currier's wedding-day. We take this opportunity of adding our best wishes to the fortunate recipient, in behalf of his many friends.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JEEMS PIPES DRIFTING."
LONDON, June 2, 1867.

My Dear Journal:

While you in New York are busy moving or going into new habitations, we are going on in the same old hum-drum style, without even the relief of a chimney sweeper's stick and wooden shovel, assisted by a "Jack in the Green" to break the monotony of the occasion! Your correspondent has been doing a little "rambling" about this big city, since his last communication, and will now proceed to give a little account of a visit to

THE "TIMES" PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Fortified with a letter to J. T. Delane, Esq., the editor, I obtained from him a "card" to admit Mr. P. and friends to the "show," my friend on the occasion being a gentleman formerly connected with your establishment, J. A. W., who, by the way, is now sitting by my side, and sends his greeting to you all. A very polite and gentlemanly person, Samuel Simonds, proceeded to show us the interesting parts of the establishment, and from him I gained the following "items": Every day five wagon loads of paper are used for publication, or 70 tons (seventy tons), a week. Four tons of printing ink are used every week. "Smith," the news-vender, carries off 27 cart loads every day. There are 400 men employed. The circulation is about 75,000 a day—(this is double sheet.) The price of a sheet of this paper, superior quality, is one penny and three-tenths of a farthing—there are 14 stacks of paper used in a day, and one stack contains 10,000 sheets. Mr. Simonds has been here 45 years, and is likely to remain 45 years longer. "Hoe's" presses (N. Y.) are here in full force, and everything goes on with the precision of clock-work. There is a large "cooking" place here, where the employees can refresh themselves *ad lib.*, with the good things of this life; and in this and several other respects, it knocks into "pi" every other establishment I have ever seen in my ramblings. Come with me now for a brief visit to

"NEWGATE."

Knocking at the door of Governor "Jonas" in the old Bailey, it was opened by a liveried porter, who, upon presenting my card to the head functionary, desired me to walk in. There is not so very much difference between this and other institutions of the kind elsewhere. The "cells" are perhaps larger and better appointed than at the "Tombs," and the prisoners are kept harder at work here. They have also four or six "dark cells," in which very refractory ones are placed. A day or so here manages to curb the passions of the most vicious, and they have also a whipping post, where *garroters* get their backs lashed, even by the irrepressible *Calcraft*, and I was told by my conductor, that the celebrated hangman remarked to him upon the occasion of the last "whipping," that he would *much rayther "hang"* a man than "flog" him! I saw the irons that were placed on Mr. Jack Sheppard, walked through "Murderers' Row," sat in the condemned chair (no pew now), in the chapel, looked in at the kitchen, wanted to try some of the soup and bread, which looked very tempting, but didn't, and stood on the gloomy gateway where for the last 100 years, so many poor fellows have "stept off" into eternity, and glad enough was I to get out into the open

air, and so calling a "cab," I, by the advice of Mr. E. J., of New York, went to the

"BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL," where, by the kindness of Dr. W. Rhys Williams and Dr. Wetherby, I was shown through this wonderful institution, formed by King Henry VIII. In the book for the registry of names, the last person who had written there, strange to say, was "John C. Breckinridge," March 4, 1867. They can accommodate 800 patients, and the appointments are indeed perfect. The inmates were at dinner on this occasion, and first rate food it was, capitally cooked, and each had a glass of ale. There were the usual number of "Kings," "Queens" and "Generals" among the patients. President Lincoln came up to me; so did "Queen Victoria," and "Napoleon"; another man insisted he was the Duke of Wellington, and asked me if I had seen Blucher that morning, and wished me to dine with him that night at Apsley House. There are some superb grounds attached to this mammoth place, and in summer time the eye is feasted by lovely flowers and beautifully laid out garden walks.

Ere you get this, you will have heard of the great success at "Newcastle-upon-Tyne" of Charles Reade's

"GRIFFITH GAUNT,"

Miss Avonia Jones enacting the heroine. The Newcastle papers are full of complimentary notices, and the piece will, they say, have a long run. You will remember how successful it was at "Smith & Baker's" Theatre, when that clever actor, Mortimer, and the charming Rose Etyng made, in it, such a sensation. I suppose now Mr. Reade will produce this popular play in London, where it must surely make a profound sensation. And this reminds me, that at the "Garrick" last week, I met the popular tragedian, James Anderson, who, on the 13th of July, sues per "Great Britain" for Melbourne, Coppin, the manager, having offered him £6,000, or \$30,000 for a year's performances. Mr. Anderson is immensely popular here, and his legion friends are getting up for him a "Farewell Dinner." He says, had he known that his friend Barney Williams had taken Wood's Theatre for a two years' lease, he would have popped on you in New York to say good-bye. He is very fond of America, and Americans. Here is a curiosity, for which I am indebted to Mr. John C. Chappell, the eminent surgeon of George St., Hanover Square. It is a copy of the original bill of fare on Lord Mayor's Day, 1478—or 400 years ago!—the *whole dinner* only costing *seven shillings*!

A Bill of Fare for the Wax Chandlers Company, Oct. 29, 1478, being Lord Mayor's Day in the Reign of King Edward IV.:

	s. d. f.
A loin of Boof.....	4
A leg of Mutton.....	2
Two loins of Veal and two loins of Mutton.....	1 2
A Goo e.....	6
A Capon.....	6
A Pig and a Rabbit.....	6
A dozen Pigeons.....	7
A hundred of Eggs.....	8 2
A gallon of Wine.....	8
A kilderkin of Ale.....	1 8
	7

Your once upon a time favorite singer, Mad. Morensi, (*nee* Duckworth,) is thus spoken of by the *Times* of yesterday:

Mdlle. Morensi, the American *mezzo-soprano*, has risen a step in the estimation of connoisseurs by her impersonation of *Ulrica*. The music of this part is well suited to her voice; and she gives it impressively wherever—and the occasions are by no means infrequent—it is naturally impressive. Especially good was her delivery in the mysterious episode where *Ulrica* instructs *Amelia* how to find the plant which is to effect the cure of her unhappy passion for the Duke ("Della citta all occaso," &c.)

"Rosedale," that had such a great hit in New York, was produced at the Haymarket last night, under the name "A Wild Goose," and the *Times* of to-day is pretty severe upon it. * * T. W. Robertson's play of "Caste" is the biggest hit of the season, and "Lost in London," by Watts Phillips, is still running at the Adelphi. * * Lucy Rushton, the magnificent, is coming out in a great spectacular piece at Sadler's Wells, before her trip to Australia and California. * * And Nimmo, the great manager, is making a large sized fortune out of "Masks and Faces" and the Japanese. * * Princess Christian has got a little baby—a boy—who may be King of England some day, and the Queen is off to Balmoral. * * Among a list of Americans I had sent me yesterday from Paris, are the following names: William Cullen Bryant, Charles R. Peters, Mrs. John W. Mason and Mr. Willie Mason, Mrs. John E. Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chickering, Miss Chickering, John O'Brien Inman, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Squier, Charles B. Seymour (*N. Y. Times*), Mr. Remack (*N. Y. World*), Mrs. C. R. Peters, Mr. Frank Leslie, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Mrs. and Miss Gilbert, Mr. Thos. E. Courtenay, Mr. J. A. Richardson, the Countess Heinrich, Mrs. Melinda Jones, Mr. Woods. * * I expect to go there next week, when I will give you a "Drifting" in very bad French!

Last night I was a guest at the Society of the "United Mechanics' Patriots National Benefit Society," (*Limited*), and a right good time I had. The President, or rather the Chairman, was Dr. George Bird, the distinguished English physician of Cavendish Square, and he presided with very great ability, making one of the most telling and electrifying speeches imaginable. The Society is one of 25 years standing, and has done, and is doing worlds of good. Hundreds of poor mechanics and laboring men, who, through sickness, are thrown out of work, are relieved by this excellent institution. Some capital speeches were made, excellent songs sung, and altogether a right pleasant "time" was had. Mr. H. L. Bate man is here, and about bringing to America a "gorgeous attraction," out of which millions of dollars he will make. A charming, young, pretty and attractive singer named Miss Angele, is coming down upon you in New York next season, and I bespeak for her a generous reception.

MR. HARRY SANDERSON,

the young American pianist, made a hit at his First Concert at Hanover Square Rooms, and gives another on the 13th of May. He is not, I regret to say, in the best health, and talks somewhat of recuperating on the Continent. His playing is greatly liked here, and when he gets fairly under weigh, will be the most attractive public performer. His modest, gentlemanly and retiring manner, makes him hosts of friends, and should his life be spared, he will yet be the bright particular star of the metropolis. Wehli, the great New York favorite, is here, but I am not inclined to think he will "show" in London. This is indeed a singular city, and the difficulty of getting a "foothold" is great! You have to wait, wait, wait, wait, until you are sick, annoyed and disgusted, or "pitch in" "helter-skelter," and win or lose! It is indeed a "lottery," and the prizes drawn are few! *Charles Dickens'* readings are very attractive, and he told me last week he had no idea or intention of coming to America. W.

Hepworth Dixon's "New America" has gone through five editions, and is universally liked. *Spurgeon* has 20,000 people to hear him every Sunday, at Agricultural Hall, Islington; and "Swinbourne's" poems are (among some people), the rage. *Marcus Stone*, the most successful of modern young painters, has sold his last picture of "Nell Gwinn" for £800; and *Blondin* is seriously thinking of crossing the Atlantic on a tight rope, and says if he falls into the water, he expects to be picked up by the "Great Eastern" or the "Red, White and Blue." Tell all the Americans visiting London to go to "Smith's" palatial reading rooms, Regent street, near Langham Place, where they will find *this paper*, the *Herald*, *Times*, *World* and *Tribune*, and only *here* in London. The Langham Hotel, and the "Grosvenor," are the resorts of Americans. At the "Langham," where Col. Sanderson (late of the *New York*), keeps everything in apple-pie order, you constantly "hob nob" with a countryman from over the water; and you are most superbly taken care of. At the "Grosvenor," Mr. G. Gibbs, the Secretary, will bestow upon you every attention and civility, and every kindness will be shown. And now, hoping to hear of the rebuilding of the "Winter Garden," the completion of "Central Park," the working of the "Underground Railway," and the building of the "Fulton Street Bridge," the continued run of the "Black Crook," the trial of "Jeff Davis," the return of General Sherman from the Holy Land, and the rise in *Pacific Mail Stock*, and *Real Estate* near *Pipesville in California*, before I get back,

I am yours truly,

"JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville."

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(From the *N. Y. Evening Post*.)

MUSIC AMONG THE CHINESE.

"It is claimed for the Chinese by T. Taylor Meadows that they are 'the best misunderstood people in the world,' in which he is not far from right. Your issue of April 18th contains an illustration of this, in the (selected) communication 'received from a gentleman in Hong Kong,' concerning the musical powers of the Chinese.

"The writer 'believes his to be the first attempt to teach the reading of music to this wonderful people,' whereas, in the mission schools of the Episcopal Church at Shanghai it was taught many years ago both to boys and girls, and with complete success; so much so, that not only was singing by the notes of our ordinary European notation practiced, but Chinese organists performed in both the school and mission chapels.

"Our Presbyterian friends at Ningpo did much the same thing; and as long ago as 1858, they even went so far as to publish a psalm-book of some two hundred and fifty tunes, with specimens to that same 'tonic sol-fa' method." How long before this the Roman Catholic missionaries had taught their students I can not say; but I can vouch for the fact that some very elaborate mass-music was sung by Chinese choristers in the cathedral at Shanghai, accompanied by an organ made with bamboo pipes.

"Another unfortunate statement of 'the gentleman in Hong Kong,' is, that 'the Chinese themselves have no tunes, and no idea of music.' Almost any book on China contradicts this mistake—Barrow, Du Halde, Des Guines, or Williams; and Doolittle

gives us an account of the existence of social musical clubs for practice among Chinese youths.

"The fact is that music, as a study, has existed and been held in very high esteem among them for at least twenty-two hundred years. Confucius cultivated it (about 500 B. C.), and found analogies between the relations of the three principal strings of the *Kiung* and those of the ruler, the minister and the people of a country; so that these names were given to the strings to designate them, and the great sage declared that he who could harmonize upon the *Kiung* could rule over the empire. So much for the Chinese having no music.

"As to the assertion that they 'have no tunes,' this is one of the strangest of the many strange statements made concerning that much-misrepresented people. Why, the empire is full of tunes, and very tuneful they are, after their fashion—which fashion is not ours, however, but more nearly that of the older Scotch minstrelsy. Let any one listen to the old tune of 'Farewell to Lochaber,' performed (as it often is) by a regimental fifer, and he will get a very good idea of the general 'style' of Chinese music. Indeed, the common fife—without keys—gives the Chinese musical scale very nearly; the difference between it and our diatonic scale being that the semi-tones are not distributed as with us, nor do the intervals coincide exactly with ours; that is, while the first, fourth, fifth and octave correspond with ours, the second, sixth and seventh do not. But they have, and they use the eight intervals, though the fourth and seventh (as in some Scotch tunes, for instance 'Roy's Wife,') are often not brought in.

"Again: our 'gentleman in Hong Kong, who is engaged in teaching a tonic sol-fa singing-class there,' says their instruments can produce but two or three tones. Now, if any of our readers will take the trouble of calling at Carhart and Needham's, in Twenty-third Street, they can see some Chinese musical instruments which have a compass from E flat (first line and treble) to A flat in *alto*; and an examination of the accompanying specimen (which I took the trouble to reduce from the Chinese notation to our own), will show that they write for two notes beyond that range.

"In short, they have an exceedingly elaborate system of musical notation, and a great fondness for what is called amongst us 'the opera'—excepting the bullet parts, which their ideas of decorum lead them to distaste.

"At a polite entertainment the guests have handed to them an ivory tablet, with the names of some of their classical 'operas'—so to call them—and a selection is made for the orchestra, which proceeds at once to go through some composition that may consume an hour or two in the performing; the musicians sometimes playing, sometimes singing, according to the exigencies of the occasion.

"It was the desire of finding what music the Chinese might have among them, capable of adaption to the purposes of Christian psalmody, that led me to study the subject during my many years residence in Shanghai; but I found nothing susceptible of such adaption, except a few strains from the Buddhist litanies, which bore a strong resemblance to some of the ruder forms of the Gregorian (or Ambrosian) chant.

"I have trespassed too long on your columns; let my excuse be the desire of cor-